

HER TITLE TO OFFICE

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By ANNE O'HAGAN

When Squire Halsey, with the timid circumlocution so formidable a task demanded, broke to Miss Elfrida Worth the news that the post office was no longer to be hers, she flatly refused to credit him. For thirty years she had been postmistress of Latonia. President and politician had come and gone, but she had been secure behind her wicket-window and her barricade of boxes, and had disappeared. Their tenure of office, she felt was an uncertain thing, grounded in the shifting regard of the populace; hers was upon the surer foundation of eternal justice.

Miss Elfrida's certificate of claim to her country's gratitude was worn upon her breast, perpetually ready to smite the eyes of a forgetful generation with the reminder of her sacrifices. It was a brooch of noble proportions standing out from a collection of minor chains, beads, charms and pins, like a light-house beacon from the trivial twinkling of the town behind it. A small daguerreotype presentment of a young man wearing the uniform of a soldier of the civil war, and possessing the high brow and the passionately waving locks of the same period, was surrounded alternating symbolically with dark. The whole was covered with a concavity of glass and incased in a frame of seed-pearls and turquoise dinky with age.

One of the first town legends repeated to the young of Latonia was the story epitomized in this brooch—the tale of "Frida Worth's beau," the youth who had drifted into the Ohio village: who, within a year, had danced and laughed and ridden and picked himself into a general popularity, into Judge Worth's law office, and into Frida's eighteen-year affections; and who at the end of the year, had ridden back into his native state to enlist to fight for the Union. He came back no more.

After the young had reconciled the pathos of this story with the personality of his heroine, angular, over-decorated with the fuchsia, scarfs, veils and glimmerings of an earlier style, he sometimes cultivated her to the extent of being allowed sight of the letter in which her lover's death was communicated to her by a fellow soldier of the same company. Miss Elfrida displayed it without great emotion. She was not a sentimental soul. She had come to take her tragedy as matter-of-factly as some women take their husbands, though, like these, she recognized the intrinsic value of her possession, and was firmly entrenched in the dignity it bestowed upon her.

That the youthful romance had served her prosaically well through the decades since her father's bankruptcy and death was, perhaps, not due to a special vein of sentiment or patriotism in Latonia. But Miss Elfrida re-enforced with much energy the claim which the brooch denoted. She had a tireless, somewhat harsh voice, a sharp memory, a keen tongue, and the firm conviction that the community ought in some way take care of her father's daughter and the woman who had contributed to it one fatality of the war. Moreover, her relatives, the tribe of Worth cousins and cousins-in-law throughout the country, perceived her title to public support with the clearness of those who would otherwise have been obliged to make the problem of her maintenance their own, and their urging of her claims was correspondingly strong.

But now the end had come. The slow, almost imperceptible growth of Latonia for a quarter of a century had in the last five years, been suddenly accelerated. There was a spurt in manufacturing industry, a rush of railroad. And while she was still struggling with the business these brought, Squire Halsey brought the news of her overthrow.

Miss Elfrida had not been provident during the long term of her official life. Prudence, as the executors of her father's estate could have testified, was not a Worth idiosyncrasy. And if the well-to-do of the family connection saw her discharge with apprehension of her intrusion upon them, the poorer branches felt something like despair at the cutting off of a fairly reliable source of income. Cousin Elfrida had been as generous with her money as with her advice, which is paying a high tribute to her pecuniary helpfulness. And the result was that she sat face to face with real want and what was bitterer still to her—the prospect of dependent old age.

Four or five months pinched her cruelly. She was no longer a star boarder with two rooms in the village boarding house, but a lodger with one and "the privilege of the kitchen." Her purchases at the grocer's week by week grew scantier and were made at night, that so familiar acquaintance might mark these meanness. She bent her rigid old figure over a washtub at dark and dried her clothes in midnight secret. And when she received a sad little letter from the young third or fourth cousin whose school days had abruptly ended with her discharge, her face was more troubled than when she countermanded her order for white sugar and averred a preference for brown.

And then, just in time to restore her waning faith in Providence, the library was completed and she was offered the librarianship. She did not know the fight that had been waged be-

tween the advocates of the youthful graduate of a card-catalogue system and the influential members of the Worth family before the small post was hers. And when the institution was opened with much speechmaking and the orator of the day referred to the descendant of a long line of scholars and jurists who was to grace the desk, and made farvid it obscure allusion to the matter of the brooch and a nation's gratitude to its heroic women, Miss Elfrida's eyes, beneath the much-trimmed bonnet, serenely challenged the world to deny her claims, and her fingers removed a concealing bit of lace-scarf from the monumental emblem on her bosom.

The pride she took in her new office was a pleasant thing to behold. The fond care she expended upon lettering her cards in black and red and purple; the fussy pains she was at to ply the duster in the dark alcoves; her sternness with small boys on the subject of mud and door-mats; the advice she bestowed upon old and young alike as to the choice of books; the valor with which she attacked and overcame the difficulties of foreign names—all these things were matters of delight to humorous-minded Latonians.

For six months she had enjoyed the privileges of her office and had forgotten her temporary obscurity in the renewed sunshine of public life, when, one gray afternoon, too early for the swarming in of the usual tribe of school-children, a heavy step sounded in the hall where she sat behind her desk.

She glanced up from the book into which she was pasting a card envelope. A tall, elderly man stood looking about him, scanning the memorial window at one end of the room, the case of Latonia mineral specimens at the other. Miss Elfrida, though she was always hospitable and always elated at the prospect of the new listener, frowned a little at the slouchiness of the man's attitude, the shiftiness of his manner.

"Do you wish anything, sir?" she asked. "He murmured something about seeing the sights and being a stranger. With a slight, puzzled frown, she studied his brown, rather handsome old face.

"You're a stranger here?" she questioned him, in her abrupt way. "A stranger now—yes, ma'am," the visitor replied. There was something a little suggestive of a whine in his voice, and her eyes were furtive and did not rise to the level of her. "Latonia has certainly changed since I was here last—"

Then his restless gaze was stayed upon the great round brooch which, this afternoon, fastened a meaningless red bow to Miss Elfrida's brown blouse. His eyes, stimulating surprise, sought the withered face above. Miss Elfrida's behind her bewilderment. "Why," he began; "surely it—"

But the sound of crunching glass stopped him. Miss Elfrida's heavy body was leaning disastrously upon a hand laid on the case of Latonia's mineral specimens. And her blue lips were repeating: "Alfred—not dead, not dead, not dead!"

"And so, Dr. Frewen"—Miss Elfrida paused as she handed the head of the library committee a folded slip of paper—"and so, there's my resignation. You see, I've no right to anything. I've been nothing better than an impostor all the time, though of course I couldn't tell that. You see once he got away from here he knew he didn't want to marry me. And he wasn't man enough to write and say so, but fixed up that hoax. And I've been living on it ever since."

The lined, Spartan old face was twisted with shame. Something like reverence blended with the pity and the anger of the doctor's expression. He leaned forward and laid Miss Elfrida's blotted designation on the coals. "It's Elfrida Worth we want in our library as long as she will stay," he said—"Elfrida Worth, the honest, brave woman, not any pensioner of old griefs."

The warmth and kindness of his voice broke her self-command. The old cashmere shawl slipped from her shoulders; her bonnet fell away as she bent her head. Her withered throat above her flat collar and cameo pin worked cruelly. The reluctant, hard, hot tears of the aged trickled painfully down her wrinkled cheeks. The doctor let her grief and her shame have their way undisturbed, and after a few minutes she raised her gallant gray head again, straightened her bonnet, and screwed out a smile.

"You're never too old," she told him. "To have it cut you and hurt you that you've been jilted. But since you think it's all right for me to keep the library—"

He patted her shoulder kindly. "All right," he echoed. "It's the only thing we'd hear of."

In an east-bound train an elderly derelict pulled at his white mustache with one hand while the other played with a roll of bills in his pocket. "She never was mean with money, was Elfrida," he told himself. "But she's got the same old temper. The way she threw that picture of mine into the river there at the bridge! And the frame must have been worth a little something, too. Well! philosophically he put unavailing regret away. "No good crying over that. I did better than I had any right to expect!"

MIGHT BE FRENCH

The baby was slow about talking, and his aunt was deploring that fact. Four-year-old Elizabeth listened anxiously.

"Oh, mother," she ventured, at length, "do you think he'll grow up English? We couldn't any of us understand him if he turned out to be French!"

OBSERVATION'S MISCELLANY.

Appropos of the recent announcement of new lawyers admitted to Ohio's bar, let us remind local readers that the city of Youngstown is the home, by adoption, of the legal luminary whose average grade at the bar examination of 95.1 per cent. still stands excelled by the grade of but one member of the Ohio bar, Governor Frank B. Willis, so far as we are advised. Our very estimable friend, C. J. J., is always a top-notch. He is not married, girls, but we think he wants to be.

Our medicated friend, Dr. H. Willing Wiley, has some great ideas, we are bound to admit. "To cure a cold," says he, "take a bottle of cough medicine, place it on the patient's table in his room, open all the windows and throw the bottle out through one of the fenestral openings." We have cured several colds that way; 'tis most efficacious.

Robbers broke into an eastern Ohio Saloon and found only seven cents. Served them right. We are glad to know the saloons are not making much money.

The past year, 1914, was not such a smashing year for business, Woodrow! These are bully times, don't you think?

If a man stole a box of soap and escaped, would you call that a clean get-away, chief?

A press item announces the death of a respected woman, a former resident of Ohio. Awful sorry to hear it. Are they such a rarity?

A headline reads "Women after tobacco for allied soldiers." When they get it the soldiers will be after the women for the tobacco. Personally, we are happy there has not been a tobacco crop failure on top of all the rest of the past-year catastrophes.

The Anti-Saloon League if properly managed could make lots of money establishing dry-cleaning shops where saloons have been voted out.

A Youngstown man is being held over in Canada by dominion authorities charged with wife abandonment. What a man's wife can't do, officers sometimes can. They are holding him all right!

This continual, troublesome annoyance caused by Mexican carelessness along our southern border borders on a public nuisance. Uncle Sam is patient but hornets have to be swatted once in a while.

Public dancers in Sweden are dancing bare-footed because they can't import Paris pumps. We think that if nature intended us to dance, this is the natural way. Shoes are foot-distorters and tormentors.

The United States is a world neutral. Her sympathy is too large, expansive and cultured to be confined to any one unfortunate people.

Can you imagine a red-headed, irritable dentist soliciting Red Cross funds?

A \$150,000 loss caused by fire in Elmira, N. Y., reminds us that that town is on the map. The fire was entirely confined to the state prison building there. Prisons for fire confinement are bound to become popular.

An effort is being made, we note in recent dispatches, to induce William Jennings Bryan to resign his cabinet portfolio. We fear it will not succeed. W. Jennings Bryan never gave up anything yet so far as we have heard. We understand he still entertains secret presidential aspirations. He's a perennial presidential candidate, a stand-patter on that issue.

A divine recently stated that Germany was a nation in arms. If that be true what will she be when she gets grownup? We dare not dwell on this thought.

The greatness of earth's greatest republic was never more apparent than today. Columbia holds her head so erect and charitably aloft, but not aloof, in the midst of a world's catastrophe. Peace is always the victor.

Italy has demanded an apology from Turkey for mis-treatment given to an Italian consular officer in Arabia. We have long since ceased to make numerical memorandums of Turkey's apologies. She is an awful repeater, is Turkey.

We don't know what the boys are going to do. An electrical bullet detector has been invented for locating leaden missiles in wounded anatomy. Some day they will invent an electric secret-detecter.

We note the announcement of the death of a Vermont Methodist minister at the ripe and rare age of 105. He had faithfully stood in his pulpit for 75 years. Some congregations are inspirations to their pastors.

Paris residents of the 1870 period are recalling the dog cutlets that they ate during the time the Paris' siege. We should think they would, especially at one dollar a pound—the dogs!

Oil gushers are not the only kind that one has trouble with in capping or choking them off.

Now the fish are getting a contagious disease which is supposed to come from infected cattle drinking out of the piscatorial waters. So much does it resemble the foot-and-mouth disease that it has been dubbed fin-and-mouth disease. "Ere long the angels, too, may get it. Suppose it will be called wing-and-mouth disease, then."

MISS CELLO.

Protect the Quail. The Ohio legislature passed a law in 1913 protecting quail till Nov. 15, 1915. Quail were in danger of extermination, and it was deemed wise to give the "breathing spell" immune from attack by hunters.

In ten months this protection will be removed automatically, unless further legislation is passed. Last winter was a hard one for quail. Until the recent thaws, reports indicated that the present winter was going hard with them. The indications are that this very valuable species will not be in good condition to withstand the open season that is scheduled for mid-November of this year.

It would be pleasing to a vast majority of the people of Ohio, we believe, if the present general assembly would extend for a longer period or indefinitely the closed season for quail. The quail is a species whose preservation is far more important than that of a few hunters' harems. It is an economic, not a mere sentimental, consideration.

Excellent for Stomach Trouble. "Chamberlain's Tablets are just fine for stomach trouble," writes Mrs. G. C. Dunn, Arnold, Pa. "I was bothered with this complaint for some time and frequently had bilious attacks. Chamberlain's Tablets afforded me great relief from the first, and since taking one bottle of them I feel like a different person." For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

Missed Annual Bath. A rich New Yorker had been giving some East side street urchins a day at the beach once a year, the feature of the trip being an ocean bath.

As the patrons stood by the car watching the happy little fellows get on, he noticed one especially dirty little boy, and said:

"How is it you are so dirty, son?" "Please sir," answered the boy, "I missed the car for the beach last year."—Milwaukee Journal.

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HOPE ON

"There was never a day so misty or gray
That the blue was not somewhere above it;
There is never a mountain top ever so bleak
That some little flower does not love it."

"There was never a night so dreary and dark
That the stars were not somewhere shining;
There is never a cloud so heavy and black
That it has not a silver lining."

"There is never a waiting-time, weary and long,
That will not sometime have an ending;
The most beautiful part of the landscape is where
The shadows and sunshine are blending."

"Upon every life's some shadows will fall,
But Heaven sends the sunshine of love;
Thro' the rifts in the clouds we may, if we will,
See the beautiful blue above."

"Then let us hope on, tho' the way be long,
And the darkness be gathering fast;
For the turn in the road is a little way on,
Where the home lights will greet us at last."

—Anonymous.

THE DOCTOR

The doctor comes smiling, and he holds his weary hand.
And he says I'll soon be better, and that soon he'll let me stand;
He promises the rose to my cheeks shall come again,
And he laughs away the fever and he jokes away the pain.

Through the long, long night I suffer word the dreams that come to me,
Quaint the thoughts that I am thinking; strange the sights that I can see,
But the sunbeams of the morning bring the doctor up the stairs
And the heart of me is lightened of a thousand different cares.

There is courage in the twinkling of his kindly smiling eyes,
And before his merry laughter fly a thousand fears and sighs;
And the thoughts that have been dreary change to pleasant ones and gay
When the good old kindly doctor smiles the doubts and dreams away.

For the doctor he comes singing and he sits beside my bed
And he lifts my weary spirits as the pillow lifts my head,
And the fever seems to leave me and the pains are not severe
And the heart of me is lightened of a thousand different cares.

The doctor he is clever, sure and certain of his skill,
And his people long have praised him for his work among the ill;
But it's not his wisdom only that the heart of me is lightened of a thousand different cares,
And it's not his pills and tonics, but the heart of him that cures."

—Detroit Free Press.

Missed Annual Bath. A rich New Yorker had been giving some East side street urchins a day at the beach once a year, the feature of the trip being an ocean bath.

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CARE OF THE HAIR

Winter is always hard on the hair, as the atmosphere of the living room is usually dry and dusty. One of the best cleansing shampoos is the beaten white of one or two eggs. Wet the hair, and then rub the egg white well into the scalp and hair, until clean, then use several rinse waters. Do not use any soap; the egg white will make a foam, and will cleanse perfectly. For dark hair, one may use the whole egg; but it must be rinsed out well.

Where the hair is thin and lifeless, a good tonic should be used, but it should be rubbed into the scalp, rather than on the hair, as it should strengthen the roots of the hair. Poor nutrition will stop the hair from growing, and give it a rough, ragged appearance. The general health has much to do with the life of the hair. Where the hair can not be washed in winter without contracting a cold, a splendid way to cleanse it is by sifting a large quantity of rice powder and orris root through the hair, rubbing the hair well with the hands, then brushing the powder out. Care must be taken to remove all the powder.

For cleansing a child's hair, once or twice a week go over it carefully with a tooth brush kept for that purpose, dipped in a good shampoo jelly, thinned with water; as fast as one part is cleaned with the brush, it should be rubbed with a soft wet cloth and wiped with another dry one. The hair should be well brushed, but lightly, with a good bristle brush.

The difficulty of using soap for cleansing the hair is that the soap removes the natural oil, and if the hair be naturally dry, the oil must be artificially replaced. Egg shampoo is one of the best.

Hair should not be dried by artificial means; in winter it is better to devote a morning to the work, or else wait until evening, and begin early enough to have the hair about dry by the time for retiring. Braid loosely in plaits, and it will dry during sleep.

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706 Wick Building, Youngstown, Ohio.

HARRY A. ERNST, Attorney at Law,
Hine Block, 5 East Federal St., Youngstown, O.

JOHN B. MORGAN, Attorney at Law,
1103-1104 Mahoning Bank Bldg., Youngstown, Ohio.

R. A. BEARD, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, 503 Mahoning Bank Building, Youngstown, Ohio.

C. C. Fowler, D. B. Fowler
NOTARIES PUBLIC, Canfield, Ohio. Telephone: Office, 48; Residence, 56.

F. R. MATTHEWS, Dentist, 15 Broadway, Salem, Ohio. Col. phone 473-K; Bell 467 R. Residence, Columbiana County phone 463-R.

D. Campbell, Carl H. Campbell
CAMPBELL & SON, Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence east side of Broad street, Canfield, Ohio. Telephone 49.

W. R. STEWART, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Diamond Block, Youngstown, Ohio. Practices in all courts and before all the departments in Washington, D. C.

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SHERIFF'S SALE

Mary A. Roth vs. Minnie A. Roth, et al. By virtue of an order of sale, issued from the Court of Common Pleas of Mahoning County, Ohio, and to me directed and delivered, I will offer for sale at the East door of the Court House, in Youngstown, in said county, On Thursday, February 25, A. D. 1915, between the hours of 1 o'clock P. M. and 3 o'clock P. M., of said day, the following described land and tenements, to-wit:

Situated in the Township of Milton, County of Mahoning, and State of Ohio, and known as being a part of the South-east quarter of Section number eleven (11) of the South survey of said township bounded and described as follows: Beginning in the center of the public highway running North and South between said Milton and Jackson townships, at the Southeast corner of a one hundred acre tract of land now or formerly owned by Gideon Klingeman; running thence West along the South line of said Klingeman's land a distance of thirty-eight and ninety-seven hundredths (38.97) chains to the East line of lands now or formerly owned by Monroe Klingeman; running thence south along the East line of lands now or formerly owned by said Monroe Klingeman and Lotie J. Craig a distance of eighteen and forty-five and one-half hundredths (18.45½) chains to one of the North-west corners of land now or formerly owned by Solomon Kale; running thence East along one of the North lines of said Kale's land, a distance of about thirty-eight and ninety-seven hundredths (38.97) chains to the center of said North and South public highway; running thence North along the center line of said public highway a distance of eighteen and forty-five and one-half hundredths (18.45½) chains to the place of beginning, containing within said boundaries seventy-one and ninety hundredths (71.90) acres of land. Appraised at \$2,400.00.

Terms:—Cash in hand on day of sale.
J. C. UMSTEAD, Sheriff,
Sheriff's Office, Youngstown, Ohio,
January 20th, 1915.
I. B. Miller, Plff's Atty. 425

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